The Robot-Wizard

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by marynn_kokoelma

Summary

Making a robot was too mundane for 15yo Will so he did it with a nice touch of magic.

‘Maybe that was a bad idea’ had think the fifteen-year-old Will Graham while doing it. It was indeed probably a very wrong idea. But it was now too late to stop, he had finished emptying the bag of wendigo powder into the metal alloy he was melting. He had join that stupid club in high school: the robot club. He didn’t rely liked it, but most of his partners here were nerd stereotype and would never look someone in the eyes, which was working for him. It also allowed him to stay late at school and not going back to an empty house.

The board of the school was probably unconscious and the school law very lax, because the club had access to the foundry. The club president had said that they will probably, maybe, need to do a robot from scratch one day so it was better if they had the possibility to do so. Will was not complaining, but still, he was the living proof that this idea was a bad one.

It took him half the year to get all is materials to build a robot, he was patient and wanted to know what would it do to had just a touch of magic in it. The fairy powder was a nice start but he had needed a lot more, many of it coming from the black market. If he was a wizard, a warlock, or any kind of magical being this would probably have been easier but no, human here.

Almost a year and half later he had built the robot to a decent humanoid looking shape. And six months later again he had finished the software to ‘make him alive’. He had not refrain the “It’s alive” while pushing the ON button. The robot started moving with a weird crack. Probably nothing, through Will, just a bit of grip in the gear, maybe he should have use more oil.

The robot straitened in an almost authoritative posture. Will greeted him with a simple “Hello”. The head of the robot turned to face him: “Hello Will. I must thank you for giving me this body”. The voice was kind of posh with a foreign accent Will could not place. Nothing he had intend. “You’re welcome...” his tone was unsure but he added “giving you a body?”. “Yes, it is quite unsettling to stay as a spirit near to your remain. But you did use them and quite right, so thank you”. Will nodded, trying to make sense of it but did not.

“My name is Hannibal, I must apologize to not introduce myself before it was quite ill-mannered”. Hannibal? Could he be the famous wendigo? Hannibal Lecter, mass murderer and known cannibal. ‘Shit’ through Will, he had made a murderer robot….

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